BLUE GRASS BLADE.

J. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side Sept05

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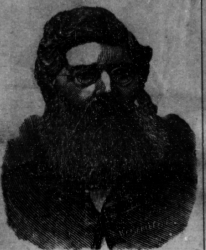

Charles C Moore
Editor

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EDITOR MOORE ILL

DR. WILSON REPORTS CONDITION

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 15.—I visited Mr. Moore and family at "Quakeracre," to-day, and found Mr. Moore in a serious condition, and suffering from heart trouble. He has not lain down or slept for ten days, and was in a feeble condition, but under a hypodermic, was resting easy at time of my visit.

Our old leader, I fear, is nearing the end of the journey of life—a journey fraught with many varied and remarkable changes. He may live on for a good while yet, but the nature of his trouble is such that a sudden call, may be expected at any time. He told me to state the case just as it is, as he had no fears of death, and seeing the statement in the Blade would not excite or affect him in any way. I was not aware that he was sick until I saw an associated press dispatch stating his serious illness. At Lexington, there was general inquiry and interest. Newspaper reporters were busy obtaining a sketch of his life, and his photograph. The Louisville Courier-Journal telegraphed to its Lexington representative for a complete history and a photo, that it might have it in advance. Some years ago when I was in Louisville with the Defense Committee, I called on the Editor of the Courier-Journal, to make a statement of Mr. Moore's case, and the managing editor at that time would not listen to me, and said he would not soil his paper with mention of Mr. Moore, or the Blue Grass Blade. No doubt there has been a change of editors, and it is significant now that [illegible] a history of Mr. [illegible] the public pulse is beating to-day in harmony with Liberal sentiment. While it does not approve in Mr. Moore's radicalism, or in his methods, it recognizes the truth and trend, and at heart they are with him in sentiment, and were it to their financial interests, they would be with him in action.

Also, the whole neighborhood were showing a kindly solicitude for him, and neighbors were coming as I left, and the 'phone was warm with inquries. My impressions are that even good Christian neighbors, are not shocked at Mr. Moore's views, and do not entertain any such idea that he is doomed to eternal suffering. I was glad to see this kindly solicitude from the press, and from all classes. It proves a secret undercurrent of repect for Liberalism, which only comes to the surface at such times as this.

There is Dear old Doctor Foote, whose birthday anniversaries are days of note in aristocratic Larchmont. His radicalism has been known for many years, still on every birthday, he is the recipient of many calls, and letters of congratulations, and the village paper gives an extended notice of the event.

These lessons are good for faint-hearted Liberals, as they show that deep under the surface of the intelligent community flows a current of wholesome respect for the man who dares to think and to say his say.

I hope that Mr. Moore will be spared to us. We have grown so used to him, that he has become a fixed quantity, and it don't seem possible that he should die and leave us, but his disease is treacherous, and that he is on the decline is evident, besides age is against him. His has been a strenuous life for a good many years, and the wrongs of humanity have borne heavy upon him; and he who assumes to bear a large part of the woes and burdens of the world, must expect to have an increase of heart-beats, which in time wearies that patient organ, and finally, it suddenly ceases to respond. Mr. Moore understands this, and said to me that he was more than anxious to go, if he is to suffer as he has been, and that he has absolutely no fear or concern in the change of nature.

I have advied him to cease writing on all debatable questions, invite no excitement, and give his heart a chance, and rest mentally and physically. I am sure that after this notice goes out to his friends, he will have all he can do to read the pleasant letters that will be pouring in on him, and after all, there is no other balm to the tired world-weary heart like that of "Human Affection," and I am sure that our **Grand Old Leader** commands his full share without having to claim it.

J. B. W.

DR. WILSON VISITS QUAKERACRE

Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 13, 05.

Dear Bro. Moore,

I will be over to see Jim Sunday about my book, and I want to run down and see you and Mrs. Moore.

It is only a few times in life we will get to meet and see each other, and I feel that we should embrace every opportunity. The years will not be many before our meetings will be no more, and I am sure that will be a sad day to both of us. So, I am anxious to see you and all your family. Mrs. Wilson and I have been intending to come over all summer, but every Sunday I have had patients that I could not leave. She cannot come this time. I suppose 'Jim' will go with me—at least, I will urge him to. I write you before hand, so that you won't be off to church.

Sincerely yours,
J. B. WILSON.

On Sunday, October 13, a beautiful and delightful day, the Doctor and Mr. Hughes came to see me, and found me perfectly relieved by a hypedermic injection of strychnine and morphine, from an attack of cardiac asthma, from which I had suffered for a week, and from which it seemed to me it was almost impossible that I could ever recover.

The disease was, or is, principally of the heart which is hereditary, and on Monday morning, October 16, that I write this I still feel relieved and have had a night's rest, although I am still unable to lie down.

I have had so much good health that an attack of this kind seems to [illegible] look well. The Doctor k[illegible] of my illness until he saw [illegible] account of it in the Cincinnati Enquirer, and when he found me sitting on our front porch at 'Quakeracre,' he threw his arms around me and the tears came into his eyes and mine, and I said, truly, to the two, "I was never, in all my life, gladder to see two men,"—I said men, you notice.

He had to go back to his patients that day, though he was almost persuaded to stay and nurse me two or three days. By interesting coincidence, he had brought along with him his hyperdermic syrange and was going to do for me exactly what my physician, Dr. Coffman, of Georgetown had done.

I have never seen such a triumph of medical science, as that use of morphine and strychnine, two poisons, was. I was relieved in one minute, and how any body could ever have found out so strange a remedy is to me incomprehensible.

There was a party of friends of each sex, who had called to see me, and all of us listened to the Doctor talk, with such interest as I have but rarely in my long life, seen people express in conversation of any man, his conversation being a continued flow of valuable information upon varied subjects, but largely professional, and interspersed with splendid little touches of wit and humor.

Among these was an account that will appear in his "Rome book"—are eruption of Versuvius that covered a thousand years of the railway going up the mountain and sending up a column of smoke 7000 feet high and a flame 2800 feet high, and throwing out red hot stones as large as an ordinary family room. I have never, in all my knowledge of Dr. Wilson been so impressed with his greatness and goodness.

Take him all around he is the highest model of a man I have ever seen and I say this when I do not at all agree with him in his views of Socialism.

Such, however, is my regard for his qualities of head and heart that I am perfectly willing that he should say in the Blade, just what he thinks on that subject with the understanding that I may disagree with him.

I was greatly complimented by his telling me that Haeckel knew about me and that the two discussed me together and I have a hope that somehow, someday, Prof. Haeckel and Dr. Wilson will visit me at Quakeracre, the Professor being the greatest man in Europe and the Doctor the greatest man in America.

Dr. Wilson and his wife and daughter and Mr. Hughes and his wife and son—his son being named for my son—are to spend the day with us, Sunday, October 29th; so that I will not go to church on that day.

FAIRBANKS TALKS ON VALUE OF PRAYER.

He Shows its Efficacy with cases of Several of Our War Presidents.

Norristown, Pa., Sept. 10—Vice-President Fairbanks, while sightseeing Forge to-day, with Congressman Butler and Prof. Phillips, with whom he came over in an automobile from Westchester, on an invitation by the Rev. Herbert Burt, made an address in Washington Memorial Episcopal Church. He took for his theme the value of prayer and pointed to the recognition of its efficiency by Washington, by Lincoln and by McKinley during the wars of thei time. He said that this is distinctively a Christian nation and for this reason it is appropriate that a memorial chapel should be erected on this secred spot. His remarks while impromptu were replete with patriotic feeling. It was the Vice-President's first visit to the historic camp grounds.

My impressions of Washington are gotten from Dominie Thompson, who was a teacher, 80 years old when I was 15. He had gotten his impressions of Washington from his father, who was Washington's wine merchant.

I do not think Washington was a praying man. He cursed Light Horse Harry Lee, and was greatly assisted in war by Tom Paine.

I don't think there is any evidence that Lincoln was a praying man.

[illegible] war Lincoln and McKinley were on the side that had everything and [illegible]sed the side that had nothing, and [illegible]eir side prevailed it is no evidence that prayer had any influence. [illegible]re as they are [illegible]e religious than those of the North, and quoted the plain words of the Bible on the slavery question, as their authority for conducting the war.

The South certainly had praying generals. Stonewall Jackson was a fanatical Presbyterian, General Leonidas Polk was an Episcopal preacher, and General Kirby Smith conducted religious services in a church in Lexington, when his army had command of our town.

Nothing, in all the history of prayer, so demonstrated the utter futility of prayer, as the experiences of our three assassinated presidents, all of whom died lingering deaths—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley.

The whole Christian world prayed for them and it did not have a partricle of effect.

President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederacy, was first a Campbellite and then an Episcopalian, and was always a religious man. Lincoln was an Infidel and the war went in Lincoln's favor.

Certainly the late war between Russia and Japan went against the Christians and in favor of the atheists.

The war that lasted for 200 years between the Christian Crusaders and the heathen Moslems, was decided in favor of the heathens.

THE WAY—SOUTHWEST.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas R'y (The Katy), is the most direct and convenient line for all points in this land of opportunity —in Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. Extending from St. Louis, Hannibal, Kansas City and Junction City on the North, Galveston, San Antonio and Shreveport on the South, it traverses the best and most productive sections of the Territories and Texas. On its lines are located all of the largest cities in Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas, which in itself is a prime asset to the would-be settler, as it assures him in advance a ready market for whatever he may produce. The geographical location of its lines, its excellent facilities of first-class train service, with every appointment for the comfort and convenience of its partons in the way of quick service through chair cars and Pullman Sleepers, and its well-managed hotels and dining stations (owned and operated by the Railway) are important factors to the traveler who consults his comforts as his business in a trip Southwest.

CHARLES C. MOORE

FAMOUS EDITOR AND INFIDEL IN SERIOUS CONDITION.

Charles C. Moore, editor of the Blue Grass Blade, who advertises himself to the world as "The Heathen Editor," is said to be in a serious condition and that his friends, as well as the members of his family, are alarmed over his health. He is suffering from a joint attack of heart trouble and asthma.

The reports received from the sick man say that he has been unable to lie down for more than 10 days and is compelled to take what sleep he can get sitting upright in a chair. He has been suffering from this attack for 30 days, but will not give up or admit that he is in such a serious condition. Dr. Coffman, of Georgetown, is attending him and the reports state that he is a very sick man, although the past few days have brought some slight improvement.

The son of Mr. Moore, Brent Moore, has been advised not to go to school, as he had contemplated because of the seriousnes of his father's condition.

Mr. Moore had made himself a national character because of his peculiar ideas concerning religion and prohibition. His paper, "The Blue Grass Blade," is an Infidel weekly, and circulates among those who believe in prohibition as a political issue as well as those who oppose the tenets of the Christian faith.

The above is from the Lexington Leader, the most prominent newspaper that Lexington ever had—edited by Samuel J. Roberts, the personal friend of [illegible] being the [illegible] other one, influenced [illegible] Kinley to take an interest in me wh[illegible] I was in the penitentiary.

The Cincinnati Enquirer and Courier-Journal and other big papers had kind notices of my illness, the C.-J. ordering a photograph for a picture of me.

During my illness the telephone was busy answering newspapers and private friends about my condition, all expresing sympathy, and many visiting me, and bringing me beautiful flowers and fine fruits.

Nearly twenty years ago, when I started this paper there was a time when there were only two men in Lexnigton that I regarded as my friends. They were Thomas C. Luxon and David H. Beatty. Now when it was thought I was going to die, and I had been reported dead, there is not a man in the whole of Kentucky whose death would create more interest, and all simply because they know I have stood for the right.

Salt Lake City,

Mr. Moore—I am better pleased than ever with your Blade, as to how to be happy, but am not certain that I can follow your prescription, but let us all try. I am trying to make your Blade do missionary work.

With best wishes to you and Mrs. Moore, and Hughes, and all good Infidels, I am fraternally yours.—J. P. REDMAN.

I still think that to be good as the greatest, if not only, means of being happy, is the greatest object that any man or woman can have. Certainly life is not worth living, except to be happy, or to try to be happy, and there seems to be no other way of being happy than by doing good for somebody. Having money does not make anybody happy. I have just read where a millionaire had suicided. I can't see that I make much, if any progress in trying to be better myself, but I am not willing to give up the idea of trying to be better. I am getting old, and must die before long, and I want those who will care to remember to recollect that I died trying to get people to be good.

It's a very broad proposition, and there are many ways to accomplish it. I have no special 'prescription' as to how to be good, but we ought to be on the lookout to find some chance of doing good all the time. Such chances present themselves in many forms, and most of them are right in our own homes. It is an easy thing to say we ought to be good, but it is hard to do. It is hard to say and do the right thing at the right time and it is hard to keep from saying and doing wrong things.

We all have our ambitions and vanities. The idea of getting rich or of becoming a great leader in thought does not occupy my attention because I do not think either of these is possible, but I, somehow, have an idea that in these days when such unexpected things happen, and when the circumstances seem to be propitious, I [illegible]ht possibly be the means of starting the one great thought that doing good is the only way to be happy. It may be because I am just on the watch for that particular idea, but it seems to me that more than ever before there is, in the air as it were, the sentiment that the things that people have commonly desired to make them happy, have all proven failures, and that now the thing to do to be happy, the thing that every body wants to be, is to do good, and I believe this is the explanation of the fact that men like Carnegie and Rockefeller are giving away their money, instead of trying to live in luxury on it, and that people like the Japanese, who had every advantage of the Russians are still willing to sacrifice themselves and lose money when they could have had it by brute force.

It seems to me that all of our Infidel publications are taking the same view of this matter that I do. You can rarely, if at all find an immoral sentiment in any of them and through all of them, there seems to run the sentiment that we all ought to try to be good.

I do not know what the religious papers are doing along this line; I rarely ever see one, but as far as I can judge from what little I do see, they are simply trying to make converts and build fine churches and raise money for different things, and I do not get the idea from any source that any considerable number of Christians are trying to make people happier and better in life.

I am sometimes greatly discouraged [illegible] so many Infidels are running off into the various sensations that are springing up like Jonah's gourd, but if even a majority of the Infidels will keep on "trying" to do better and to make others better, I believe it will have its good effect after a while, and if none of us older ones ever live to see the day, we can at least enjoy the thought that we are doing what we can to bring about a better and happier state of affairs than that which now fills our country with suicides and murders and divorces and drunkeness and theft, especially among those in high places.

GIRLS ACCUSES MINISTER.

Causes the Rev. Titus Pohl, of Chicago, to Abandon Career.

Chicago, Oct. 8.—The Rev. Titus Pohl, a Lutheran minister, and son of the Rev. August Pohl, the best-known minister of that creed in the West, has given up his pulpit because of charges brought against him. Miss Lydia Wretman, of Moline, has sworn out warrants for his arrest, charging that he is the father of her eleven-months-old child. "My career as a preacher is ended." said Pohl. "I don't know what to do."

Miss Wretman, who has known Pohl for years, learned of his engagement to a wealthy Iowa girl, and then made complaint.

REV. HALL ARRESTED IN KANSAS CITY TO-DAY.

Former Local Minister Charged With Criminal Assault on Local Girl.

Lockport, N. Y., Oct 6, 1905.—Sheriff Reardon received a telegram late this afternoon from Chief of Police Leonard J. Rece of Kansas City, Mo., to the effect that Rev. George H. Hall, former pastor of the South Street African M. E. Church of this city, had been arrested there on warrants issued here charging him with criminal assault in the second degree.

Rev. Hall is pastor of an African church in Kansas City. He will waive extradition. A deputy sheriff will go after him this afternoon to bring him to this city for examination.

He was indicted by the grand jury which arose on Tuesday. The complainant is Miss Sears, a young colored girl of this city, former organist of the South Street church.

SHORT LETTERS

Balm, Florida, Sept. 1905.
Editor of Blue Grass Blade..

Dear Sir—I wish to ask you if it is a fact as recorded that George Washington was found at prayer at any particular crisis during the Revolutionary War? Please answer through your valuable paper.

The question was sprung in a debate not long since, by one of the speakers in praise of Washington. Will you please give your opinion regarding the matter. Thanking you in advance, I am yours for the truth.—N. L. CLARKE

That Washington prayed, and especially that he prayed so as to be seen by any body, does not seem to be in keeping with the character of the man, but is such a story as would naturally be invested by Christians, in their common desire to have it appear that all great men are Christians. I suppose it is posible that Washington prayed for the success of the American arms, but I do not think there is any competent evidence of it.

In our Civil War Gen. Lee, of the Confederate army, was related tc Washington, and was like him in many respects, but I do not remember ever to have heard anything about Gen. Lee praying.

Stonewall Jackson was religious and I suppose prayed for the triumph of the Southern arms, and we have heard a great deal about his praying, but not only was his prayer not answered by the Lord, but he was killed in a peculiarly distressing way.

In the Spanish War, we do not hear anything of Roosevelt having prayed for the success of the American arms, but that may have been because Teddy thought we could whip the Spaniards just by ourselves, and that it was not worth while to ask God to help our side as we were the biggest any way and it would have sounded cowardly to ask God to help us whip the Spaniards.

Seven Mile, Ohio, Oct, 11, 1905.
Charles C. Moore,

Dear Sir—Please find inclosed clipping from Cincinnati Times-Star, of Oct. 11, 1905. It, as you will see, pertains to a controversy now going on among ministers as to whether of any of the angels in heaven are gals or only he virgins. You were, in times past, engaged in the ministry, and undoubtedly are well versed on the question as to who plunks the harps and makes music in heaven, and whether any s[illegible] are in the mix-up.

If not, then we stand with Ingersoll, who said in a lecture, that he would rather live with the woman he loved, in a world full of trouble, than live in heaven with nobody but men.

Now, Mr. Editor, let us have your testimony upon this subject. Should you declare that the gals are not in it, then, be-gosh, we are not going to butt in. You must arrange to let the gals in, some way or other,—JOHN MIKESELL.

I hate to say anything that would, at all operate against your going to heaven. There may he so far as I personally know, girls in heaven, but it is a fact that the Bible does not tell of any kind of a female that ever went to heaven.

Even the steeds that took Elijah to heaven were "horses;" not mares.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost are all masculine, and no woman wrote a line in the Bible.

In the Holy Sepulcher, in Jerusalem, (for particulars see Dog Fennel') is the grave of Adam. He was brought from where he was originally buried, and buried close to Jesus Christ, and was redeemed by having some of the blood of Jesus to drop on him at the crucifixion, but Eve's remains were not brought to Jerusalem, and so she probably never went to heaven.

Near Sidon, I saw the place where the Virgin Mary is said to have died and where she would naturally have been buried, but near the gate going into Gethsemane, just outside the walls of Jerusalem, I was shown a rock from which the Virgin Mary is said to have ascended to heaven.

This conflicts as to what finally became of her, throws some shadow of doubt upon her having gone to heaven.

The discussion in the Cincinnati Times-Star, grew out of the fact that the Cincinnati discussion grew out of a press telegram that begins thus:

"New York, Oct. 7.—They are changing the faces of thirty or forty angels in the Belmont Memorial Chapel of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights. The sculptor who modeled the angels made them all female angels. The building committee stirred up by observant delegates to the diocesan convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, recently solemnly ordered that female angels won't do.

The manner of the discovery of the sex of the angels [illegible] that one of the visiting rectors walked up to a man who was fussing around the statuary."

In The Times-Star account, occurs the following:

"Said the Rev. George Smith of Columbia M. E. Church: 'The angels have not, as I read the Bible, and sex. The scriptures represent the angels spoken of as men, because the writers of the scriptures held women in less esteem than men. Had the scriptures been written when women were high in the world's regard, no doubt feminine names would have been used in speaking of angels.'"

The low regard for women that obtained in the land, and in the time where and when the scriptures were written, seems to explain the fact that all the angels are masculine, and the further fact that no mention is made, in the Bible of any woman ever having gone to heaven.

Lemoore, California, Oct. 3, 1905.
Editor Blue Grass Blade,

Friend Moore—Will you allow me to correct a false impression you have imbibed in regard to Rockefeller's immense wealth that has poisoned the public mind against him?

It is not Rockefeller's wealth at all, that has anything to do with it. There are multitudes of other men almost as rich as he, whose names are never mentioned disrespectfully. The cause is deeper than money. It underlies the great humanitarian principles of a nation. It is the inhuman fiendish principle in the man who is a money maniac, possessed with intelligence sufficient to warp circumstances and conditions to gratify the cravings of an organization that the Christian Satan would blush to possess—all entirely regardless of consequences, however vile and distressing.

You advocate being good by being kind and hospitable to humanity around you, then laud this vulture, who gourmandizes on the prosperity and comfort of millions of his fellowmen. You should see the hundreds of men, who, in a single hour, are thrown out of employment because this man, by his avaricious knavery, has absorbed the business interests of their employers.

In you, it is like advocating being good while living by theft and plunder.

And what is all of this for? Does he need it? No; were he to live a thousand years, he would scarcely spend one per cent. interest of his capital.

It is all the unrestrained doings of a monomaniac.—J. L. THARP.

Mound, Minnesota, Oct. 7, 1905.
[illegible]tor Moore.

[illegible]u write in [illegible]e's answer [illegible] is the worst thing you [illegible]r wrote, and I would give anything [illegible]f you had not written it.

You know that about four-fifths of the states have anti-discrimination laws for the government of railroads and you also know that Rockefeller has suborned the breaking of those laws in nearly every state where they exist—not because the laws were unjust, but to destroy all competition and make money when he already had enough money to gratify the avarice of a thousand Diveses.

And still you have the temerity to say that you would do the same, or perhaps worse, under like circumstances.

A pretty man you, to preach goody goodness to Infidels!

No; I can never more offer the Blade to my honest neighbors, and as I only take it for that purpose, I cannot see what good it will be to me.

My good wife suggests that perhaps, you were only in fun, or still more, perhaps, you were stuck on Lou Lawrence.

At all events, I can assure you that the woods are full of Infidels who are not mean enough to copy Rockefeller's methods under any circumstances.—DR. SCHUCK.

I know that a number of the states have anti-discrimination laws. What proportion of them I do not know. I have always doubted the justice of that law, and I suppose some of the states have also doubted its justice, else all of the states would have such laws. If a farmer may sell a thousand bushels of wheat at a lower rate per bushel, than he would sell a single bushel, I do not see why a railroad may not carry a thousand barrels of oil at at lower rate per barrel than it would carry a single barrel.

Any newspaper in the world will sell you a thousand papers at a lower rate per paper, than it will sell you a single paper.

This same principle obtains in all kinds of business, and the reasons for it are too obvious for amplification.

You state, positively, that I know that Rockefeller has suborned the breaking of those laws.

I do not know that R. ever suborned the breaking of any railroad law, or of any other law or that he ever violated any law, in any way, or committed any crime or immorality of any kind in my life, and it is not reasonable that I should know of his having committed any crime, because I never talked about him with any body who ever saw him or ever had any dealing with him.

Your unequivocal statement, therefore that I know things that I do not know and would not reasonably know and the further fact that you cannot possibly know that I know what you say I do, shows beyond any peradventure of doubt, that you are a man who will positively assert what you cannot possibly know to be true and that consequently, what you assert about R. is simply assertion, the truth of which you could not maintain in any court in this land.

The integrity of R. is a question that is now up for determination all over the United States and is discussed at length in nearly all prominent newspapers and magazines.

This seems to have risen out of Socialism largely, and your opposition to R shows almost certainly, that you are a Socialist.

If you have any proof of what you say about R. suborning the railroads to violate the laws of the land, you cannot only make money by bringing that proof into some court that has the desired jurisdiction, but it is your duty as a moral man to do so, just as it is the duty of every citizen to do all that he reasonably can to bring every suspect to justice, and especially is it your duty to help Socialism in this way, and, "in the interest of good morals," (see the heading of this paper), I will print anything that you will write, that will show conclusively, that R. has committed any felony. I have studied law and know something about it, and what you write must be terse and to the point, and in such shape as will be available in a court of the proper jurisdiction.

You must gives names and addresses and dates and amounts and an outline of the alleged fraudulent transactions. Sattements of the nature of Ida Tarbell's in which she says that she does not personally know whereof she affirms, but that what she says of R. is that which is believed among his neighbors, will not be considered by me.

When I say that I or you would probably get a million dollars, if we could by a method the same as, or possibly worse than, that by which R. got his millions, there is not an honest and intelligent man or woman, who will read this, who will not say I speak the truth, and the fact that you affect to scorn all dishonesty can be no evidence whatever, of your own honesty as all dishonest people claim to be honest.

I believe that I would lie or steal, or possibly do worse, to get a million dollars, and I believe that a[illegible] who reads this will [illegible] a reputation for [illegible]ve. I have been imprisoned, but that is also true of Socrates, Jesus Christ and Tom Paine.

I do not exactly know what "goody-goodness" is. I believe that the greatest thing in life is to be good and do good.

Please asure your good wife, with my regards, that I was not talking in fun. I know nothing of Miss Lou Lawrence, except through her correspondence with this paper, and from that I have received a favorable impression of her.

Springfield, Mo., Oct. 5, 1905.
Chas. C. Moore, Editor,

Sir—Please find inclosed a comment on a statement of a sermon, which was delivered in Springfield, Mo., last night. I hope you will answer on it, and send me a few copies of your paper, that I may hand out to the people who are being misled by such statements. To the best of my recollection, Mr. Ingersoll died suddenly and did not recant anything before he died, nor make any statements to any one except possibly to his wife. Please give me full particulars of Mr. R. G. Ingersoll's death.—T. W. WADE.

In the long report of the sermon, occurs the following:

"Among other incidents Dr. Biederwolf stated that in his last illness Robert Ingersoll sent twice for a minister he had maligned.

"If any one doubts this," said Dr. Biederwolf, I can cite the evidence. The prospect of a glorious eternity brings peace. Who would not have a hope that brings this peace?"

I think Dr. Biederwolf must Be a wolf, in sheeps clothing, spoken of in the scriptures. His story is without any foundation. If he has believed the story to be true he would have given the name and address of the 'minister' that he says Ingersoll sent for. If there had been any such "minister" he would have published the fact many times before this.

Ingersoll never "maligned" any body —it was not his style.

Ashland, Ky., Oct. 5, 1905.
Mr. C. C. Moore,

Dear Sir—I send you inclosed clipping from to-day's Cincinnati Enquirer, which verifies your statement, so often made in the Blade, that there are no women in heaven.

Mr. Moore, if these learned clergymen put up such talk as this it w[illegible] be hard to find any man who will want to go to heaven.

our way of thinking.—BANNING GRAY.

The clipping begins thusly:

"New York, October 4.—They are changing the faces of from 30 to 40 angels for the Belmont Memorial Chapel of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights. The sculptor who modeled the angels made them all lady angels. And the Building Committee, stirred up by observant delegates to the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church, recently in session here, has firmly, but solemnly, ordered that lady angels won't do. So the sculptors have begun work changing the faces of the angels.

When the work is finished the figures will represent men angels, which, according to the critical clergymen, they should be, as the two men figures represent St. Gabriel, the annunciation, and St. Michael, the resurrection."

In a discussion which grew out of this Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington claimed that angels were females, because nobody had ever seen a picture of an angel with whiskers or moustache. It it an interesting thing, that, in all the Bible, there is no intimation that any woman ever went to heaven—not even Eve or the Virgin Mary, but Revelations 17 teaches that a woman is the leader of the hosts of hell.

Sulphur Springs, Texas, Sept. 27, 05.
Mr. Charles C. Moore,

I have always liked the Blade, but now you are on the most important of all questions—how to be happy and good. This world is my home and how to do good is my religion, and it gives me great pleasure to know that I am capacitated to be kind and good and polite to the human family, and that I have the intelligence and energy honestly to provide for my family and for the dumb animals that fall to my care.

If I should die to-night, it is all right with me, or if I should live fifty years more there is no one whom I am afraid or ashamed to meet.

These things help to make me happy and when others are good and kind to me then I am truly happy, but, unkind treatment does not make me feel happy, but knocks the happiness out of me. I am nearly 71 years old and was born an Infidel—yes an athiest—and never did believe in any God, Devil, heaven or hell for us after we die. It is all for us here and now. I never could see any sense in preaching and prating about heaven and hell, and have always thought it was the greatest curse to the human family. I have done wha[illegible] by kind talk, to stop the thing, [illegible] it goes.

I had a preacher with me to dinner, the other day. He had just closed a ten-days meeting and got three under the water, like you used to do when you were a preacher. He is a Campbellite.

I told him it would not do to convert me to his faith and order, for I would be ten times more the child of the Devil, than I now am, and as my only Devil is ignorance, I have got enough of that now. My only God is wisdom, and if they have any of that to sparr I would try to make room for a great big god of that kind. I like your correspondents—they write in a better style and tell so many intelligent truths . I paid for Dr. Wilson's book before he went to Rome and I am waiting patiently for it. I like "Dog Fenney", and keep it loaned out all the time.

This is Tuesday and no Blade has come yet and I am hungry for it.—G. M. CALVERT.

My dear, dear old Brother, your letter is just of the kind with which I would love every week, to fill this whole paper. It does more good to the cause of Infidelity than the finest article against Christianity that could be written.

I want you to be just as good to that Campbellite preacher as you can be. If you will invite him to dinner, he will come. Any preacher will go any where that he can get the best to eat without paying for it.

If that man is a good and intelligent man he knows that the Christian religion is not true and your being kind to him will influence him more than any mere argument can do for it is next to impossible to make any man give up a calling by which he can make a living without working for it. If, on the other hand, he is ignorant and honestly believes the Christian religion is true, he deserves your sympathy and kindness and you can influence him more by these than any way in the world.

When I was a Campbellite preacher I traveled on foot through the mountains of Kentucky and preached once or twice—sometimes three times—each day. There were men and women, old and young, that followed me from place to place, some on horses and some walking with me.

Among these was an old German named Frederick Lynx—you can find a full account of him in Behind the Bars, 31498. He and his wife had both been "bought" in Germany, by a splendid old Infidel that, when I knew him and baptized his pretty young wife, was called by everybody "old General Garrard."

The old gentleman was rich and influential and not merely respected, but reverenced by the thousands who knew him. Radical Infidel, though he was, he would come to hear me proach, and get a chair and sit right by my side.

The old General had "bought" Bro. Lynx and his wife, by paying their way to this country on a sail ship, when it took them six months to cross the ocean, with the understanding that the two were to work for him until they paid the passage, and the two had continued to work for the old General until they had made a nice fortune, for mountain people, and they both reverenced the old General almost like he was a God.

The first time I saw Bro. Lynx was at his home, where I had gone to stay during a protracted preaching, that I was going to do near him, and I was there many times after that.

He had the true German love for music and would lead in the singing at my meetings. With his funny German brogue it would have made you laugh, except that he was so earnest and sincere. He had been a great fighter among the mountain roughs, and while he was a peaceable and good man, he was exceedingly powerful and afraid of nobody, and all evil doers were afraid of him.

He became converted to the Campbellite religion and was perfectly devoted to me.

Before I ever went into his house he stopped me for a minute, and told me that all of his family were Christians except his wife, and that she was an Infidel, and he said she would be kind and good to me if I would never mention the subject of religion to her, and I never did.

When I was introduced to her I called her "Sister" Lynx, but I cannot now remember—it was during our Civil War—what she called me. But when the house was full of people who had come to see me, and I would read the Bible, at night and we would all except her, kneel and pray, around her fire side, she would light her pipe and sit and smoke, but respectfully listen all the time, and I never had a truer friend than she was, though she would not have put her foot inside of a house where I, or anybody else, was preaching.

In all my long life, I never saw a finer model of a wife and mother than that old woman was, and old "Brother" Lynx, as everybody called him, built a whisky distillery after I became an Infidel.

But in all my experience with religion, for 54 years, as varied as that of almost any man now living, studied, and watched all the way from those Kentucky mountains to Jerusalem and Egypt, no one ever has had as great an influence on me as that old and ugly and illiterate German woman, old Sister Lynx, and she did it all by honesty and kindness and with no purpose or expectation of influencing me and when, in an ordinary religious argument she would have been a mere child in my hands.

And I tell you my dear old Brother, that that is just what we have all got to come to if Infidelity ever takes the world. For a long time the genius of Ingersoll has captivated the world, but he was a good liver and a jolly fellow, and, like Voltaire, made the world laugh and was a dubbler in politics, as our Infidel Socialists are now, and you can see how, after a hundred years Tom Paine who said, "My religion is to do good," though opposed to such men as Washington and Roosevelt is all the time coming to the front and the beautiful city of New Rochelle, suburban to the great city of New York, is now honoring him by accepting and caring for the beautiful monument that his friends have erected to the memory of this great patriot, who, with Jefferson and Franklin, his Infidel associates was more truly "the father of his country" than Washington ever was.

Washington hated George III, and did more than anybody else to free this country from England, but Washington was an aristocrat and at heart a Christian, a wine drinker and slave owner, and if Washington had had a son, as Oliver Cromwell had, Washington would have tried to make his own son king of the United States of American as Cromwell did of England, and this government that we have to-day and which Christian and Infidel Socialists, Freelovers and Anarchists are trying to destroy, is the government that was established by the three Infidels, Paine, Franklin and Jefferson, while Paine, like Abou Ben Adhem, led them all, and did it by saying and acting the sentiment, "To do good is my religion."

Hunland, Mo., Oct. 5, 1905.

Mr. Moore—Enclosed $1.00 for renewal. I want the old Blade to stand. I intend to take it as long as I live, and it will always be worth $1.00 to me, even if you put its price to 25 cents.

You and Mr. Hughes have made more sacrifices that deserve more than you have ever gotten.—W. S. MILLER.

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